

BLUE AND PURPLE

FRANCIS NEILSON

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FRANCIS NEILSON ✓
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SONGS TO A WIFE

My love is beautiful and sweet; she is like a pale pink rose full of the glory of dew and sun. Sharon's garden knows not a bloom so fair as she. Persia holds not a fragrance so heavenly in its perfumed bowers. Oh, my wondrous love, pour thy scented charm into the chalice of my longing heart; fill with thy fresh splendour the air I breathe; and give me youth to spend on thee, my well-beloved. I am the gardener, born to tend one flower. My flower is the radiance of a dawn in June. Like a veil of glowing pearls my love spreads her light; she is my morning, my joy of perfect hours. I will sing to her the song fresh roses raise from their delicious petals when night departs and they rejoice, sun-kissed, when all the east is rich in gold. Lovely is my bloom. Her soul is the first blossom given by Him who made the loveliness of Spring.

BLUE AND PURPLE

IN BLUE AND PURPLE CLAD

A PEARL set in the hollow of a stone,
Wrought deftly by an artist of great skill;
A sapphire 'twas that bore the pearl so still
Within its bosom; taking from its tone

Those fires of deep delight to Asia known.
Blent in an amethyst, the priceless twain
Enthronèd were, o'er glowing worlds to reign,
In gladness richer than the morn has shown.

She, like a regal lily of the field,
On which the sunset colours softly lay,
Forgot that life was sometime dark and sad;
She smiled, and bade all sorrow's wounds be healed;
Then she was lovelier than heav'n's best day —
Ethereal, in blue and purple clad.

FAR HORIZONS

WE stand upon the barren shore,
And look far out to sea,
The crooning waves their burden pour
On you and me.

Our longing eyes, full of our mind,
On far horizons lie —
There, where our joy we hope to find
Before we die.

How fair the tempting journey seems —
Smooth lake of mystery —
How frail the craft, our forethought deems,
For such a sea!

For you and me, my lovely one,
And all our mighty hopes;
One step, dear love, and we have done,
And — cut the ropes?

Lashed to the past we stand, and fear
To leave our ties and pain;
Though (speaks the soul, if we would hear)
Our loss is gain.

Fear blurs the vision of our dream,
Fear fills our hearts with dread,
Soon we shall find upon life's stream
Our souls are dead.

We stand upon the shore and mourn;
We grieve, despairingly,
To leave the fetters we have borne —
So patiently.

Or, do we grieve that we are weak,
Lack courage to be free,
And spurn the liberty we seek
For slavery?

Doubts lie — like pebbles on this strand —
In our sad souls, my mate.
Before us lies the promised land,
Behind us — fate.

Then, let us here together bide,
With faces toward the sea,
And hope that some fair morning's tide
Take you and me.

HEBE'S EYES

THE light of Hebe's eyes
Gives colour to the skies,
It makes the azure dome
 A radiant place,
Where love might find a home,
 Sweet as her face.

Ethereal are the hues
Where birds a-wing would lose
Themselves in heavenly bliss;
 As I would do —
If I might soar to kiss
 Her eyes so blue!

SWEET FACE, I SEE THEE SHINE

SWEET face, I see thee shine
Out of the bosom of the east at morn;
Thy tenderness, divine,
Lies mirrored in the pearly dew at dawn.

The flower that smiles at me,
Holds in its cup the picture of your face;
In rivulets I see
The flowing charm of your abiding grace.

The sapling tells me how
Your body's symmetry grows strong and straight;
The winds which whisper now,
Tell me your love and trust will not abate.

The steadfast stars above
Reflect the fervour of your constant mind,
Your deep unwav'ring love —
The rarest jewel eager man can find!

In nature's soul thou art —
I see thee, hear thee, feel thee, ever near;
Dear love, thou art the heart
Of those eternal joys our souls revere.

TWO FLOWERS

I SAW a bloom,
So beautiful,
My sad heart lost its gloom,
And cares that dull
The senses, soon passed far away —
The bloom brought joy into the day.

I saw her face
When she bent down
And kissed the bloom. Then grace
Was Hebe's crown
Of loveliness, and there! upon
Her brow the light of heaven shone!

THE MUSIC OF MY HEART

THE soft night, like a silent child
Before some wondrous thing,
Withholds its breath, as if beguiled
By songs the fairies sing.

It seems to stand and listen, still
As statue in a grove —
Perhaps it hears a fairy trill
A strain Titania wove.

Ah, no, the night hears not her song,
For it would then be glad;
And I have listened here so long,
I know the night is sad.

Now if it be a song that keep
The hour when night should part,
Then night must hear from my soul's deep,
The music of my heart.

THE TRYST

My love is coming through green fields to me —
 Why does she tarry so?
She knows I wait on cliffs above the sea,
 And dare not to her go;
For I am prisoned to the spot where love
Has chained my feet, and must not call or move.

My love is gath'ring harebells, where the mead
 Is starred with flowers to kiss
Her ling'ring feet; there sedges intercede,
 And whisper runes of bliss —
Beseeching her to stay and heed me not —
For she can make a heaven of any spot!

My love is list'ning to the skylark's song,
 Delight is in her ears.
She cannot know her lover yearns so long,
 And drinks his salty tears
To quench his thirst for all her winsome grace —
Her absence makes a desert of the place.

My love is drinking in the air which blows
 The perfumes of the sea,
The journeying breeze wafts past me — well she
 knows —
 Though me she cannot see!

Her lovely eyes, the yearning west would woo,
Look not on me while blooms in green fields sue.

She knows 'tis deathless love that holds me fast,
Chained to this rock so grim;
That I shall wait for her, until the last
Sun sets o'er ocean's rim.

That flowers shall die and green fields fade and sear,
Ere I forsake the tryst to greet her here.

NATURE'S LOVELINESS

YES, everywhere I go
I see the constant flow
Of nature's loveliness —
But, oh, if I could see
These scenes, my love, with thee,
How bright would be their dress!

I can no more rejoice
Without your gracious voice
Exulting in my ear,
And nature, too, requires
Your soulful, ardent fires,
To beautify the year.

The tender blooms turn pale
When I, alone, through vale
And gully, searching pass;
They seem to say to me,
"Where is your mate? for we
Bloom only for your lass."

My worship in the glen
Goes up for naught, dear, when
I stand alone in prayer;
The sea, the dunes, the trees,
Chide me, and every breeze
Sings lamentation there.

No, nothing in this world
Where gales and snows have whirled
 A joyous tempest down —
Which spread a carpet fine
For thee to tread, can shine
 As your belovèd crown.

They do not envy you,
They love the sweet, the true —
 They know you are sincere
As morning's spark of light
In dew orbs shining bright,
 When heaven is blue and clear.

They want your merry laugh,
Like rain for them to quaff;
 They want to kiss your feet;
They want to see your eyes —
Full glory of blue skies —
 Your smile they yearn to greet.

Come to the woods, my own,
With every blessing known
 To man, which you can bring;
Here is your royal goal,
Come, with your joyous soul,
 And make all nature sing!

Y O U

WHAT is this mystery?
This subtle wonder — you?
Which fills my soul with ecstasy,
My eyes with dew?
What are you, influence, so mild?
As subtle as the air which sways
The stalwart pine. What child
Of nature are you?
Soul obeys your slightest motion.
Mind is set in deep commotion —
By your presence —
By your absence —
Being thrills beneath your glance!
A smile will all my thought enhance.
Touch my lips, and every bliss
Seeks heaven's glory in a kiss!
You! sweet influence, what art
God used in fashioning you apart
From His renownèd mould,
In the marvellous days of old?
Why, all the elements combined
In making you
The dearest mystery refined,
The ages through!
Yet, what are you? with power

So great to bind my will,
Fast in strong chains each hour;
And every action fill
With echoes of one name,
Resounding in love's hall of fame?
You! Unlike your kind —
An essence of God's mind.
An attribute of His deep joy,
When in his toil of love
He fashioned you without alloy,
The masterpiece to prove,
With every splendid gift — replete.
You — complete!
My earth, sky, sea, and air;
My fruit, flower, jewel rare;
My every need of day and night —
Sun, moon, stars, space; my soul's delight!
Your name whose syllables are wings
Which waft me high,
Above the fragrant air which brings
Faint eastern aromatics to the sky.
Ever a mystery of art to be,
A subtle influence subjecting me.
Like, fair Hamadryad, created anew —
Ineffable, mystical, wonderful — you!

THE LAST LIGHT

THE foothills of Nebraska shine
In a disc of sunset gold;
The cornstalks glisten like pale wine —
But the wind is bitter cold.

Around my love a radiance lies,
'Tis the glow of her soul's sun;
'Twill light a vision in my eyes —
When the long day's work is done.

WHEN YOU WERE BORN

Love stirred the spheres,
The groves rang mirth —
There were no tears —
At my love's birth!

A dancing star
In revel flashed;
Then leaped afar —
And earthward dashed.

In bliss it showered
A million joys —
Sweet wishes flowered
In girls and boys.

Then back it went,
With soaring dance,
And darkness rent
In merry prance.

The dawn's grey spires
Cleft night's blue deep,
Then golden fires
Consumed dawn's keep.

A lark then flew
With joy on high —
With pearly dew —
Up to the sky.

And gave its kiss
To its dear mate,
In flutt'ring bliss,
At heaven's gate.

So rosy morn
Subdued the night,
When you were born,
My joy's delight!

FORTUNE, YOU HAVE NAUGHT I NEED

FORTUNE, you have naught I need;
Fame cannot appease me;
Flowery beds grow but a weed;
Langhter cannot please me.
Lovely roses win no smile,
From my drooping spirit;
Larks a song may sing the while,
I will never hear it.
Music rich, on which I throve,
Leaves me worn and weary;
Softest tunes of vernal grove
Seem so trite and dreary.
I am hard to please, I know,
Nothing wins my pleasure;
Let the golden rivers flow,
I disdain their treasure.
Heaven itself may shine in vain,
It will cheer me never,
Let it glow, or blow, or rain,
Crack, and timbers sever.
Let me seek the fallow way,
Hating mirth and sorrow,
Wanting not this dreary day,
Give me bright tomorrow!
Day is dark as longest night,

Hours are without number;
Wakeful night in its slow flight,
Rids me of my slumber.
Weary, weary world, ah! me,
What is that I cry for?
Only love to come to me —
That is what I sigh for!
Only Hebe, lovely one,
She of loves the rarest —
Give me my beloved sun,
Light to me the fairest!

LET US MAKE A GARDEN

COME, let us make a garden, mate of mine,
A patch of rich brown earth the Spring will green;
I, with a spade and fork; you, with a line
And plan, will set it out for heaven's bright sheen

To cover, when the warm days come again.
Come, now the snows are melting, and the soil
Is drinking down the draughts of winter's pain;
Let us dig in our hopes with jocund toil!

The smell of fresh-turned loam will give us strength,
The work will brace our souls for greater tasks;
Our plan will bring us days of happy length,
And take from us the tribute summer asks.

Come, now the stubborn frost is yielding fast,
And bathe our bodies in the softer airs,
Which blow from kinder climes now winter's past,
And sleet and hail are gone to their white lairs.

With hopes of lovely blooms to gather soon,
Come, make a garden, mate of mine, with me,
So we may go rejoicing in warm June,
And all the glories of God's bounty see.

Come, mate of mine, and make a garden bright
In my sad heart, for snows are melting there,
Bring to it all your joys of warmth and light,
And bid it bloom, and never more be bare.

SANCTUARY

WHERE the peace of even lies,
And the low'ring purples rest,
Under amethystine skies,
Is the mystery of the West.

In the colour-blending shroud
Of the glories of the heat,
Where the myriad tones of cloud
Glow and fade in their retreat,

There the soul of peace lies still,
In the secret of the eve,
In the shadows of the hill,
Where the colours spin and weave

All the textures for the skies,
All the yearnings of the heart,
All the gleams in lovely eyes —
In the wonder-colour part

Lies the soul of peace. And thou!
Dearest mystery of my life,
With thy colours me endow,
In the murk and gloom of strife.

Radiant! Clothe me in thy soul —
Sanctuary of my rest.
Let thy mingling colours roll,
Deep, around me in thy West.

STARS

TEN thousand lights were gleaming there,
A million stars were bright —
But, oh, my darling's face was fair
On that entrancing night.

The world looked up and saw the skies,
In lovely colour shine —
I looked into my darling's eyes,
And all the world was mine.

REJUVENATION

ARE you the wondrous joy of Spring,
Sent coursing through the woods,
With chorals for the birds to sing,
And colors for the buds?

Or are you some supreme delight,
Which morn set free with mirth,
To carry gladness in your flight
All o'er the meads of earth?

What are you, Hebe, nymph or maid?
You start Spring in my heart
With blooms that time can never fade —
Rejuvenating art.

What witchery, like Spring, is this
You hold o'er me, sweet one?
You set me glowing with a kiss
With warmth of summer sun.

As winter thaws when spring comes in
With claims to warmth and growth,
So you from cold my soul doth win —
Pour in it best of both.

I rise from dreary hours and smile
At sorrow when you call,
And thrill with youthful yearnings while
Your blisses on me fall.

'Tis magic! 'Tis the art of joy,
Transforming way of Spring;
Her methods, Hebe, you employ
To make my young heart sing.

A SONG

I LOVE her for her tenderness,
Her sweet abiding grace,
Her gentle spirit's loveliness,
Her earnest, winsome face!

I love her for her happy ways,
Her body's wondrous bloom,
Her smiles which light the heavy days,
And straight dispel my gloom!

I love her for her honest speech —
Her constant soul's delight —
Her honeyed lips the gods would teach
To kiss their loves aright!

I love her for she kept for me,
Those lips where perfect bliss
Awaits in reddening ecstasy
Her lover's eager kiss!

HEBE

HEBE is a mystery,
Moving in a woman's guise,
Through a silent sacristy —
Holy as her lovely eyes.

Hebe is a magnet strong,
Drawing strength from strength each day,
She is like a glorious song,
Growing sweeter in its sway;

Melting mind and heart at first,
Thrilling all the senses whole,
'Til in its melodic burst,
Leaps triumphant o'er the soul.

Hebe is enchanting when
All the world seems most awry;
She smiles brightly o'er me, then
Earth is gone and heaven is nigh.

Hebe is both pro and con —
She is understanding's own.
Was there ever paragon
Such as she to scholars known?

She is younger than her youth,
She is older than her race,
She is clearer than the truth,
Tender as her winsome face.

Nature's contradiction she,
Turning science upside down;
She is Love's own mystery,
From her heel up to her crown.

Hebe is all things of joy:
She is joy — joy was forgot
'Til she came, here to employ
Lover's arts the Greeks knew not.

She is supple, strong, and sweet;
She is full of gentle mirth —
Happy are her splendid feet,
They are worthy of the earth.

She is sportive as a child,
She is wise as she is kind,
With a temper firm yet mild,
She controls her earnest mind.

Tears may fall as drenching rain,
She will make each tear a pearl,
And the heart when full of pain,
She can set in joyful whirl.

Who records this maid of bliss?
I, who love her every act.
Greater myst'ry yet is this:
Hebe is a splendid fact.

SPRING

LET us go —
While Spring's delicious breezes blow,
And see the dunes and sedges grow
Green, white, and red —
Now Winter's sped —
And all the moorland is aglow.

Let us feel
The magic breath of springtime steal
On us, and everywhere reveal
The joyous strife
Of bursting life,
And hear the bells of heaven peal.

Let us see
The busy songsters' ecstasy,
And hear them pipe their songs of glee —
For all the day
They seem to say,
The soul is happy that is free!

Love, divine,
Art thou not Spring, and give me wine
To quaff? For in this heart of mine
A new life grows,
And yields a rose
For thee — the fragrance of it thine!

Hebe, dear,
The message of this Spring day hear;
See, love, the glory of the year:
The Spring is free,
So Summer be
The season in which joy is clear!

THE FAY

IN blue, cerise, and grey,
A dainty, bonnie thing —
No mortal — just a fay,
From elfin glades astray,
With joys the swallows bring
When they come back with spring.

She came with lovely mien —
The charms of fairy's art —
No winsomer was seen,
Not Titania, her queen.
She flew into my heart
To rest, and ne'er depart.

My heart is beating high —
The fay is singing there.
Blest tenant, tell me why,
Of mortals, why am I
The happy one to dare
Make captive, fay so rare?

She answered in a song, —
So soft and sweet the tune —
“Pray, why? Have I done wrong
To hide in heart so strong?”

Where I may place the boon
Of all the joys of June?"

Oh, winsome, witching sprite,
Who like a mortal came,
In robe of tender light,
To make my hours so bright;
Who brought me Love's dear fame,
To warm me at its flame.

A SONG

My love is morning's fragrance blown
From blossoms fair in golden June;
Her footstep's rhythm is in tune
With melodies by Springtime known.
Her misty locks are like the May,
On pearly hedges lightly thrown;
A sweeter face was never shown
To man that he might face the day!
O beauty, tender, like the moon
Of summer nights, which gently lay
On lovers when their hearts were gay,
And deep desire was at its noon.

THE GARDENER

I SEE her in the blooming field,
Where winds sport in the grass,
And petals of the Summer yield
Sweet perfumes to my lass.

I see her gather flowers so bright,
They almost match her face,
Whose rapture is my soul's delight —
There I shall find God's grace.

Ah, grace of mercy to me flows
When I look in her eyes;
Her soul of love and beauty glows,
And my life sanctifies.

She is so simple in her joys,
So childlike in her ways;
When she the golden hour employs,
In off'ring nature praise.

She lifts the roots to plant again,
In some sequestered spot,
Where they may know a fairer reign,
And beautify her plot —

There, thrive from culture of her hand,
Aim to engage her smile,
Delight in blooming o'er the land
Where she will tread the while.

So God His wonders has revealed
Through her, what growth can be,
And in the process I am healed
Of blindness, and can see

That all the fields and woods are full,
Of glories rich and rare —
When she a little flower will pull,
And set it in her hair.

REVELATION

I SEE no beauty shining in the east
At dawn, nor when the glowing sun has risen,
And shot a million rays into night's prison—
No lovely scene on which my eyes would feast.
And in the west at eve I see no light
That enters my whole being like a flash
Of bursting joy — swift sky rent ere the crash
Of kissing clouds acclaim their passion's might.

My eyes have seen the marvel of the world,
All joys transfigured into mighty bliss —
The great creative moment, sight divine,
When earth, and sky, and sea, were torn and hurled
Apart, to yield her soul's ecstatic kiss,
Which shed all beauty 'neath one glance of mine.

THE KEEPER OF THE KISSES

THE keeper of the kisses sleeps —
No sigh of mine can wake her;
In slumber all my joy she keeps —
My eyes will not forsake her!

All night I wait and watch her rest,
And yearn for those deep blisses,
Which are withheld from those unblest,
By her who keeps the kisses.

Oh, keeper of the kisses, rise
And now, at morn, uprender
The key which locks your lips and eyes,
And give me kisses tender.

The birds are waiting, and the flowers —
All spring your kisses needing;
The burning stars, the fainting hours,
The earth for joy is pleading.

See, her soft couch is moss and blooms,
All sweet with perfumes blowing;
And lover like myself assumes,
The flowers for her are growing.

Now if she wake with rosy dawn,
When all the east be singing,
Will every nightingale be drawn
To her with bluebells ringing?

She sleeps, and knows not how we yearn,
For bliss she only grants us;
For her the sun and sky doth burn!
The lark is up, and chants thus:

“Oh, keeper of the kisses, wake!
Unlock your lips by smiling,
And let adoring mortals take
The joys of your beguiling.

“For what is love without your lips?
A life that is not merry.
The bee that every honey sips,
Prefers the dimpled cherry.”

MUSIC IN HADES

THE blackbird's note on Spring's first morn,
Is not so sweet as my love's voice,
Her music, like a song re-born,
For great Eurydice's own choice —

Nay, Orpheus gave not to the shades,
To win his love, such minstrelsy,
As my dear love, whose song pervades
The hell from which she set me free.

THE DREAM

BEAUTY waking from a vivid dream,
All warm, and soft, and tender,
Her eyes with happiness agleam —
Outstretched her arms, so slender.
Her face a picture full of wonder —
Her lips of gushing love asunder.
My lovely mistress, then ensouled,
Wrapped in the gown of rosy sleep,
Thrust back the curtained haze, and rolled
Aside the mists of slumber deep.

Sweetly she murmured to her lover: “Boy,
I dreamed a dream all joy!
There, in a thicket, caught by thorns,
A bird, which morning’s glow adorns,
(It was not hurt, but tangled there,
And struggled to be free)
A yellow bright canary!
It whistled sweet to me —
I thought it was a fairy.
In golden robes so rare,
Until I stretched my hand,
And saw it spread its wings.
Then, not in fairyland,
I thought an elf (though each one sings)

Could thrill so blithe a song,
Or fly away so fast.
I gave it liberty,
To live a life of joys both bright and long,
In one warm summer of days unsurpassed.
This dream of freedom came to me.”

Joy tinted every feature of her face,
Warm blushes spread beneath the lace
Of her fine robe, and pure delight
Sang in the phrases of her speech;
She lay, and told the story bright
In throbbing tones of happiness,
So wonderful was she, I would beseech
Such exquisite dear tenderness —
Soft as the morning sun’s serenest beams —
Would come from all her dreams,
And make my love so rosy,
So warm, so soft and cosy;
So clinging in her kisses,
Resplendent in those blisses
Of trust, and hope, and courage fine,
Which shone in her like gleams of deep red wine!
My soul was never thrilled,
As it was then by her;
My eyes with tears were filled,
For joys so rare!

Love surged like a sun-shaft up,
To drink deep bliss from heaven's cup!
'Twas like the poet's joy I feel,
As if her lovely soul were bare,
And mine with it was there
To touch and heal
Itself, and all those blessings gain
Which God sends down on her like sweet, refreshing
rain.

Blest be her gracious head,
Smooth be her smiling brow!
May Spring and Summer wed
For Hebe now,
And shower —
Aye! every hour —
The fairest blossoms of the trees
On every fragrant gentle breeze,
To make soft paths for her dear feet,
When she would in her sweet dreams greet
Her fond, adoring mate,
At dreamland's gate.

THE BOON

WHAT is the dearest wish my soul can make?
What great desire can all this world bestow?
What is the very height of boon I know?
What gift immeasurable I can take?
Is there some precious thing for its own sake
My mind doth crave to make it strong and glow?
Is there some priceless treasure I might show,
And make men from their rosy dreams awake?

No treasure this deep world can give I need.
My dearest wish no mighty king can give;
My great desire — no bauble that will cloy!
I seek no gains on which ambitions feed!
Far more I seek; always to move and live
And have my being in my Hebe's joy.

JACK O'LANTERN

FIREFLY! wait, but a moment, in your flight;
Stay, gleaming thing, and tell me of that night,
When you were taken by a fairy hand,
And cast into the grate to light the brand,
In that fair room of bliss and rosy dream.
For love of God! I pray you, moving beam
Of light, stay, now my memory is woke —
You will not leave me now you do invoke
My thought to that dear night, long gone, when she,
With elfin joy, went out and captured thee.

You circle round my head, a band of flame —
A light that fades as quickly as it came.
O fickle fly, deny me not, come burn
For me, and let me from this torture turn;
In recollection's refuge seek relief
From loneliness, the torn soul's awful grief.
Come, bright or dark, do you but circle near,
Where you alone in night my words may hear.

What of my love? My wondrous love, who caught
You winging that sweet night, as swift as thought,
And threw you on the logs to start the fire,
Whose gleams revealed to me my heart's desire?

Matchless! all in her loveliness and grace —
Soft as her humour, happy as her face.

Where is she now? Oh, where is my lost love,
My fairy mistress, gentle as a dove?
Does she in cockle leaves hide long night through,
Fearful of the clouds, shrinking from the dew?
I never see her now! The fire no more
In flick'ring rays lights up my sad heart's core.
There is no warmth in life now she is gone.
The sun disdains the man it shines upon.
A wretched thing, bereft of all his joy,
Goes wand'ring through the night, where fays employ
The hours in dirges drear, and weirdly mourn
For her, their queen, long lost to fairy bourn.

Come, Jack O'Lantern, lead me to my mate —
She who alone can my distress abate,
She who will wipe all storms of grief away,
She whose dear radiance makes my perfect day!
Alas! you heed me not, your lamp is out,
You hide away in darkness, black as doubt,
You light, to mock the faithful, false as hell,
You, in and out, you phosphorescent sell —
I will have naught to do with you. Go, shine,
And make a fool of souls less tough than mine.

A weary round is day, and night is torn
By all the bitter conflicts day has worn;
The hours are full of shattered hopes, and pass
With ling'ring tortures, writhing in the mass
Of gloomy moods. I am no man of day,
Nor am I one the limpid night's soft ray
Will fall upon to bless. No hour will claim
Me for time's old companion. Yes, I shame
The ordinance of day, bright hours or dark,
One out of joint with all. The happy lark
Sings now no more for me. The flow'ring dell
No longer blooms as she with cup and bell
Once did. For there is gone from out my life,
My matchless queen, my joy, my fairy wife.

You gleam no more, and yet on wing you roam,
A firefly desolate, bereft of home
And hearth, where logs might burn and shine at night,
Upon the sweetest elf that did delight,
Beyond excelling, mortal soul and mind.
May you, poor, searching, Jack O'Lantern, find
The mistress of your fairy world in state.
Then come, and take me to the shining grate,
And I will bow allegiance, and renew
Love, fealty, and homage, there with you.

OH, TRANQUIL NIGHT

OH, tranquil night, what spirit keeps thee still?
Do whispering breezes taunt thy loneliness?
Or art thou, too, numb, suffering keen distress,
For want of one warm kiss to break the chill
Of patience, which pervades your watch sublime?
The stars are cold, mute company for thee,
And cheerless is the ever-moaning sea --
Long is the keep; a dreary watchman, Time.

Some soul is with you breathing out a balm,
A solace I know not tonight. What heed
Is taken of our tears which drench the sod?
Still there must be with thee a spirit calm,
Else would endurance break for aching need --
Such loneliness could not be braved by God!

DESPAIR

Too tough! The spirit will survive,
It keeps this mortal coil alive;
Love too, that yearns to meet the day
When you will come and with me stay.

There is no death that love can fear —
Love never yet upon a bier
Lay in the sleep of death, for life
Is stronger far than any strife.

Love is the light which burns and shines
When woe of spirit undermines
The thought, and our lives go awry,
And days are long in passing by.

Love is the spirit's soul, and glows
Through all the pain a mortal knows,
And death cannot its might assail,
Nor bitterness its courage quail.

Dear love, my flesh cries out to thee,
My spirit's eyes her face would see,
My mind is mad for need of her,
My love is naked to the air.

TO A PHOTOGRAPH

How sceptical you look tonight:

There is a sneer about your lips —

A moth is near them — see! it sips,

And now rejoicing takes to flight.

Oh moth, I envy you that kiss;

My lips are arid strangers now.

Oh, I would take to flight, I vow,

If I could revel in such bliss.

Why do you look at me and frown?

What have I done but love you well?

Does she love me? Come, picture, tell —

The moth returns, and flutters down

Upon that blessed wavy hair.

Oh, how I love each scented strand!

How oft my lips would make a band

To capture in a kiss, ensnare

A lock of that dear crown of yours!

Ah, well, be vexed with me, severe.

Those eyes have never shed a tear;

They follow me on restless tours,

While I the night pace to and fro,

Hour after hour, to pass away

The dreary time before the day.

Your eyes upon these journeys go,

Watching, sternly. Picture, tell me —

What sphinx are you? Speak once and show
Some sign of pleasure. Let me know
If you would from my company
Be gone, and choose another one
 To be with you each day, each hour;
 Resting only — then in my power —
When from the villages I run?
Then cosily you rest between
 The folds of my best coat — from grime
 And soot set free. At evening time
Alone I leave you here. How mean
Of you to be so petulant!
 Not once of late have you beguiled
 A moody hour of mine and smiled.
If I have sinned, it was not meant.
Come, now be patient with me, friend.
 See, I will coax a smile — I'll set
 You this way — that way — no smile yet?
Just for a moment! Please unbend.
Then I shall turn you now oblique —
 Ah! what a change! Your eyes are quite
 Like hers — they hold the heavens so bright —
Those stars my lonely soul would seek.
I nearly called you Hebe, then —
 You were so like, for just a span,
 As o'er your brow vibrations ran.
So they oft do o'er Hebe's, when

Some mischief, brewing in her mind,
 Sends laughter ripples o'er her skin —
 Her mirth will out when mischief's in.
 Where might you her resemblance find?
 Her laughter is a wondrous sound —
 Sorrow, sadness, find their level.
 Where do joy and gladness revel?
 Ah, where? Where Hebe can be found!
 You know her not; yet you are she
 Who made you negative. The match
 Is sometimes perfect. Did you catch
 Her glance when thoughts perhaps of me —
 Alas! that could not be. She knew
 Me not when you were fashioned, friend,
 And never dreamed where you would wend
 Mile after mile with me, to rue
 The day when you were sent to hear
 A million questions. Pity you?
 I do! No woman, false or true,
 Is in listening long your peer!
 Heavens! What have you heard me tell?
 What rapture have you witnessed — oft
 Despair — at which you ever scoffed?
 The gamut — all from heaven to hell —
 All passion's swift vagaries seen —
 My longing, pleading, anxious nights,
 And day's distracted hours. What fights

With self, with selfishness between!
Have you seen all, heard all, known all?
 Then you must be the wisest sphinx
 That wisdom new and ancient links.
But you are silent as a wall
Without a mark. So should it be.
 For she must never know what I
 When all alone go through. . . .
 Now lie
Down flat — there! Let me once more see
Into your eyes, ere to that shore —
 Where sleep may be — I go tonight
 With thoughts of her, my joy's delight,
To lull me gently evermore.

SONG

I SEEK your lips with my fond eyes,
My sight is weary, dear;
My heart with longing all day cries,
For you when you are near.
When you are near and others take
Your eyes and lips from me,
And in my soul deep surges make,
As tempests in the sea.

I seek your lips and press them not,
My own are parched with pain;
My aching eyes are dim and hot —
My soul hopes on in vain.
The day is gone, and you are lost,
The night for me is lone —
And through its hours I count the cost
Of days without my own.

HELL

HELL holds no terror I shall ever fear,
For earth when you are absent is my hell;
Nor thought of meeting can my torment quell,
For loneliness is black, and cold, and drear.
This hell is dark! My passion is a flame!
Its anguish is a never dying fire,
And longing — hope that never dare aspire,
But die, in loneliness from whence it came.
Heav'n though is kind and lets me sometimes in,
Then hell is all forgotten, and its woe
Fades like the dew dispersed by summer's morn,
And I am purged of all my pain and sin.
Such moments shine like jewels — then I go
Back to the dreary hell where pain was born.

ALONE

THE mocking fiends by day
Make frenzied play
Around my loneliness;
The haunting sprites delight
To sport at night,
And jeer at my soul's wretchedness;
Imprisoned in the boundary of a mind
Holding but one thought; only one can find
The thought of you!
You, far away,
In silence wrapped.
With all Hell's crew
About me gay,
And I in loneliness am trapped.

Not God nor Devil ease
The torture of a lonely soul,
For haunting thoughts will cling,
And naught relief can bring —
No recreation please.
Grim misery must take its toll
Of tears and pain —
And work is vain!

The vanquished mind in scorn
Sneers on its child;

His work, and damns it be forlorn,
And with it all creative work
Henceforward be reviled.
Work? Where? Not here! Within these walls?
Work! What? Come, try it now,
And answer every thought that calls
In every moment. Tell me how
One single minute, pray,
My mind can get away
From her, the absent one —
Come, tell me, and my work is done.

The air! Go out and roam the field.
Sit in the sun — or rain;
Or count the stars again;
Or tell the steps long footsore journeys have revealed.
Do something. Go! But what?
What, leave that thought behind?
Where go? Where that is not
The burden of my mind?

Forget. Why, all the fiends of midnight hours
Yell that drab word at me; it falls in showers
Of rattling drops,
And never stops,
Until my ears
Nigh burst,

And I accurst
With all Hell's fears!

Still there are moments when
Relief comes to my ken,
Then I admire my torturer sublime.
The silence of her absence is like time
A million years beyond this day —
Like stillness of forgotten tombs,
Where Nineveh, once gay,
Stood mighty, where now the sandstorm booms
O'er a desert quite as lonely as my heart.
She leaves me, like a queen, to bear the smart
Of her superb indifference and calm —
Unconscious of the harm
Such loneliness can do!

The day when it is new
Dawns dark and drear.
Each hour a bier
On which I lay my thought,
And see it come to life again —
Reincarnated spirit, caught
Back, to murder it in agony, and then —
The weary strife goes on and on,
The minutes reek with blood,
And then the fiends of loneliness soon don

The inky cloak with scarlet hood,
And round me chant their racking dirges chill,
And bring their terrors on to slay my will.

First, slimy, drooling Jealousy appears —
A female draped in timid lover's fears —
She minces, ambles, leers at me,
And whispers tales, maliciously.
The spume of Hell's presumption she,
The horror of the lonely. See!
How she begins her work —
The craft! the skill!
It enters like a dirk —
The soul to kill.

She fails, and vanishes in mist.
My soul is adamant, and will resist.
Then Poison comes, in silvery sheen,
The figure holds a cup between
The palms of outstretched hands,
And in a pleasant tone commands me, "Drink!
And no more think.

Why suffer earth's delirious pain?
The yearning heart that yearns in vain
Will know no peace until the light
Goes out in never-ending night.
I bring you here the only balm

For loneliness. Drink, and be calm!
Where all is still no aching mind
Can harrow you — peace you will find.”
Then Poison hies away;
To tempt me when despair
May crush me some dread day,
And I no longer care!

They fail to find me apt,
So on comes License garbed
In golden lace, and wrapped
About her waist a serpent barbed.
Hell's finest figure walks
With dignity and grace;
Beseechingly she talks,
And modest is her face.
The fiends do well. They know
The jade
Must masquerade,
Seem innocence, aglow,
My loneliness to break and then beguile!
The trick is hardly worth a smile. .
Still I am left alone
To wrestle with the spawn
That comes from Hell to fawn
On me. Can soul atone
For this one cruel act of thine,

My torturer, divine?
Can thoughts so merciless afflict
The mind and leave it sane?
Or bubbles burst, when they are pricked,
And seem the same again?
The weariness of longing and its woe,
The evil thoughts drear loneliness will sow,
The torrid tears,
Abhorrent fears,
The fretful waiting,
The frenzied hating;
All come to me, by night, by day,
When you are far away.

.
Tired mind is easy prey
For hideous imagination's play.

ROAMING

Is there no place where I might rest?
No harbour for my soul?
Must I go roaming on unblest,
Without a chart or goal?

Go searching for a place where peace
May soothe away my pain;
Some lonely nook where ills may cease,
And nothing be all gain?

And yet, with all the pain and tears,
That lonely sorrows bring;
Though life's besetting woes are fears,
To hope's frail staff I cling.

My fears are hopes in joy's disguise,
My hopes are fears in flight,
Which seek an earthly paradise,
Beyond the range of sight.

So nestle, pain, you constant friend,
Close to my longing heart —
What matter how the story end —
We two shall never part.

And yet there is a place I know,
Where all griefs are forgot —
A breast to which I ever go,
E'en knowing it is not.

I go to that dear place to lose
All fears, all woes, all pains;
It is the paradise I choose,
Where life eternal reigns!

Where life is drawn anew from springs,
Which flow with every bliss,
And to me joy celestial brings
New hope with every kiss!

Alas, the breast of love is wide,
Too precious for one life,
And others cannot be denied —
For what is love but strife?

So, ever seeking, trudge and roam,
Through hours of chill and gloom,
And make the silent night your home,
Where there is always room.

Roam on, until a morn shall rise,
When you will wake from rest,
And know you have found paradise,
At last, upon her breast.

STORM

GRIEF is a drenching blast that purges love
Of all its dross and scum, and leaves it sweet
And holy in its excellence complete.
Love without grief no test of strength will prove.
The bitterness and pain, dread loneliness,
The ache of yearning, then the galling thought—
Love's deep passions in shattering gusts are caught,
And scattered wide apart when deep distress
Comes raging through the soul's wide-open door;
Shaking the citadel of hope — the walls
Where all the dearest joys take refuge in —
Searching the battered frame to find its core,
With that convulsive fury which appalls
The strongest heart that deepest Love would win.

THE VOID

THE grey day dawns and sleep is gone,
The laggard hours are here to count —
Like yesterday's the sun shone on —
A dreary stream from time's old fount.

Go, day, as fast as my heart beats,
Pass, minutes, with the speed of thought —
Fly, as my soul, when it entreats
Swift passage where its love is sought.

The present bridge with then and when,
Link past and future, dropping now;
Die, days, and rot like aged men,
Nights, vanish like a gamester's vow!

Hope, on in front, seeks out the way,
Doubt stays behind and scoffs at all,
Trust walks with calm all through the day,
Faith brightly shines through night's deep pall.

Life in the ever present hour,
Art in the prison of life's pain,
Love in the torture of its power;
Death shares with sleep what joy should gain.

ABSENCE

THERE is no anguish like the mourning heart,
That mourns for its lost love and mourns in vain;
That is the anguish which defies all pain —
Torture at which Prometheus' soul would start!

What agony can still the heart of joy,
That holds its loved one to its surging breast?
All hell can rage and not disturb that rest —
Then Stygian tortures are but pain's alloy!

And what is absence but a gaping sore,
That aches and suffers every stinging thrust?
A burning lesion, or a bleeding rent,
That rives the soul of lovers to the core?
When hearts in absence stronger grow, then must
Those hearts have held no lover's aliment!

WANDERING

THE morning hath the sun for mate,
The night the moon for wife;
The wind and I, like things of hate,
Go on alone through life.

The wind is cold, the wind is hot,
The wind is fierce and wild;
It stays not long in any spot,
It never is beguiled.

Perhaps the wind might pause awhile
And whisper to the reeds,
If they would only rise and smile,
And ask the lone wind's needs.

DESTINY

HERE, let it be! I will not ask,
Dear God, what is my destiny.
With courage I will face the task —
So, life, make what you will of me.

Yet I would know what is this pain,
Which smites with cruel force my mind?
And what can sorrow hope to gain
If woe is all my heart can find?

Why linger here? There must be rest
In some fair haven Thou hast made,
Or is the region of the blest
As vain a place as this? Then fade

Sweet hope! And let the clouds of night
Assemble o'er my weary head —
Why question more about the fight
Of souls that battle with the dead?

Still destiny may be some song
My aching heart might learn to sing,
A melody, both sweet and long,
And singing, heaven nearer bring!

Perhaps my doubts are shadows chill;
My mind may harbour questions vain.
My destiny! the merest rill
On ocean's wide, unresting main.

Then Life and Death may count as past —
Things gone beneath the sodden clay.
For some great part, Thou, me might cast,
To light dejection's gloomy day.

Yes, there is Love! Love ever bright,
Love worshipping the soul of her
Who came from thee — with morn's first light —
Embodiment of all things fair.

This let me do. Take Death! Take Life!
And leave me Love's celestial glow.
And save me from the toil and strife,
Which loveless souls are doomed to know.

EAST WIND

SPEAK, east wind, did you meet my love
When you came o'er the sea?
And did she give a message kind
For you to bring to me?

When you were passing through the haunts
Of happy, garish men,
Did you once linger in her hair,
And murmur to her then

A word, reminding her of one
Far out on western plains,
Who looks, and waits, from morn 'til night,
With hope that never wanes?

With hope that she will send some word —
One moment of her mind —
To prove that when we meet again
My true love I shall find?

No message, east wind, do you bring,
You leave me lone and cold,
Farewell, thou heartless wanderer,
Go, chilling young and old!

Go journeys long in search of hills
Where only echoes dwell,
Wild east wind, scorn the love-lorn ones,
Who would their sad tales tell.

LULLABY

WHERE is peace but on your breast?
Where does slumbering joy lie down?
Where do hope and gladness rest,
Like bright jewels in a crown?

All are found where your heart beats;
Like strong children in repose,
When the twilight hour retreats,
And day's golden moments close!

Lull me, dearest, into sleep,
Let me find a pillow fair
On your breast, where breathings deep
Rock me, far away from care.

Kiss my aching brow, and then —
Lay your hands upon my head;
Peace will come to me again,
When your bosom is my bed.

RESURRECTION

WHEN all my friends say "He is gone,"
And foes agree to let me rest,
When ling'ring night falls down upon
The heart that ached, the restless breast.

There is a way to conquer death,
To rob the grey shade of its spoil,
E'en when is spent my last deep breath
And naught is left of love and toil.

Then come, dear love, and look on me;
Pour your bright spirit in your glance;
My soul suffuse with joy of thee,
Straight from your eyes which do enhance

The light of heaven! One look will raise
Me from my bier, and make me whole,
Restoring youth and gladsome days —
Elixir of my yearning soul!

LAUGHTER

DEAR love, when droop my weary eyes,
And patient Death comes near and cries:
“Tired soul, come forth, and follow me.”
I ask that thou, my love, shall be
Wrapped close to my desiring breast,
So at the last I shall be blest
With transports of thy laughter. Laugh
In my arms ecstatic glee,
And cheer my soul, and I shall quaff
Thy fragrant breath and smile at thee.
Dear heart of joy, let my last hour
Know all thy wondrous merry power —
Rich in the graces of thy charms,
Laugh on through each entrancing kiss;
When I am locked in thy dear arms
Laugh me away to Death in bliss.

ALCHEMY

I WAS ill, and with a touch
She reclaimed my waning strength.
Bless her, God, and give her much
Joy in love, and days of length.
What is tragic
Pain to me?
Such her magic —
Alchemy.
She smiled on me
When I was ill
And, lo!
From pain set free
I go
And drink my fill
At her beauty's fountain flowing!
Oh, the bliss of breathing
Fragrance from her graces blowing;
Grace like colour seething,
From a thousand flowers,
Scenting June's rich bowers.
I am well, and she has made
Every sorrow
Bring a morrow
Happier than today.
Every sadness is repaid

With rejoicing;
Like a voicing
Woodland in the month of May.
Merry is her soul,
And witty, too, her nimble mind —
Like a golden bowl
Of medicines of every kind.
Laughter lurks in all her dimples,
Loving hands of hers give simples —
Soothing, cheering, happy one —
Treasure of the golden sun!

SURRENDER

TAKE every joy my nature holds,
Take every bliss my heart enfolds;
Come, capture every one,
While youth and beauty run,
Locked in each other's lithesome arms —
Like flowers entwined.
Cast from thy mind
Those fearful, hindering alarms.
Take, to the last deep drop,
Nor think when you would stop,
My strength's rich wine.
Love made divine
The rapturous blood of me for you.
Red, full and bright,
Like Vallambrosa's vineyard dew
On autumn's night.
My mind explore, its treasures take,
So long as joy is there
To find, and leave it bare
Of every thought that might awake
New transports in your soul —
Then break the empty bowl,
So no one else may use
The vessel, should one choose.
My body clean and sweet enjoy,

'Twas made to serve your least delight,
And when at last our passions cloy,
In one fierce moment, rise and smite
With withering scorn,
And leave it shorn
Of all its energy and force.
Then, blasted, reel it down death's course.
My soul? Nay, that, my love, you cannot hurt,
For it is thee. Look, and it will assert
Your image like a faithful stream,
Reflecting every feature of your form,
Showing the slightest, quickest gleam
From eyes which make it pass from cold to warm.
It is, O love, your heart, your pulse, your breath,
And only in your loss can it know death!
Here I surrender all my mind,
My heart, my body, all you find
In thought, in blood, in flesh, to serve thee well
In giving heaven — then, thou, consign to hell
Whate'er is left of me.
E'en then my joy shall be —
That it was wrecked by thee.

WHAT IS DAY WITHOUT THE SUN?

WHAT is day without the sun?
The night without the stars?
Ocean's music would not run,
Without the sandy bars!

Summer days without a rose —
A fruitless Autumn would
Make the year a time of woes —
Like Spring without a bud.

What am I without my mate?
Without her bonny face?
A wanderer disconsolate —
A being out of place.

She is sun and stars to me —
The Spring, and Summer too;
Autumn's fruit her love will be,
To sweeten all I do!

THE MORN

SHE cometh like the sweet relieving morn,
Clad in her flowing robes of golden light;
God's angel of the day to clear the sight
Of him condemned long years, and left forlorn,
Deep in the dungeon of his loveless life,
With every yearning for a love supreme —
Love shining only in a cruel dream!
And now his love appears to end the strife.

Oh, love, thou gentle messenger, bend down,
Thy touch is soothing and thy smile is kind;
Speak to this sorrowing heart and bid its fears
Be gone forevermore. When as thy crown
Appears at dawn, and night flies on the wind,
So banish all my sorrows and their tears.

THE GARDEN MADE FOR ME

My love and I a garden made —
 So early in the spring,
 When larks begin to sing —
Frail violets a carpet laid,
Of tender blues, for my sweet maid,
 When we were gardening.

I did not see the garden grow —
 Fate turned me far astray,
 Ere summer's happy ray
The garden kissed, and all the glow
Of fragrant hours I did not know —
 My summer's days were grey.

I did not pick sweet blooms for her,
 To make a crown to grace
 Her head, and bonny face;
I wandered in a world so bare,
No flower of love perfumed the air,
 No blossoms could I trace.

Some lovers sow, some lovers reap,
 And others never see
 The gardens that might be;
Still, though I might not reap, I keep,
In dreams of her, the mem'ry deep
 Of gardens made for me.

TO A REPEATER

TELL me truly, quaint repeater,
When will she permit me greet her?
Tell me when you sweetly chime —
Name the day, and strike the time.

On my heart you beat so gaily,
Where her heart has beaten daily;
She should think of us at night,
When we two count hours in flight.

Quaint repeater, friend diurnal
(Like a truthful, faithful journal),
Make the minutes pass away,
Speed the night, and hasten day.

Do you keep the hours correctly?
Hands that move so circumspectly
Ought, punctiliously, to show
When a lad to lass should go.

Quaint repeater, faster, faster,
If you would avert disaster;
Make the long days swiftly fly,
Greeting hour is surely nigh.

How can I exist in anguish,
When for her I fret and languish?
Quaint repeater, may I rest,
Where you lay, upon her breast!

THE MUSIC OF A DREAM

A SONG lies buried in my soul,
Its melody is silent there,
The glory of it I would roll
In ecstasy, if thou would'st care
To hear its sweet enchanting strain,
In some deep garden where the hills
Would echo its subdued refrain,
Where fragrance every cloister fills,
Where flowery carpets spread, for thee,
Of velvet petals of the rose,
Is where the song will flow from me
Into the heart thy lover knows.
My precious love, my one delight,
Thou art more fair than that first dawn
Which made the new-born world so bright;
When primal dews spread o'er the lawn
And grass held jewels in its sheath,
Where earth's first flowers were kissed by day.
More fair, art thou, than Ceres' wreath
For tender maidens crowned with May.
A song for thee, and thee alone,
No other ear shall know its theme;
My eastern pearl of rarest tone,
It is the music of a dream;
A dream of gushing, surging love

From never-saving, endless springs,
Down deep, as heaven is high above;
Its course, as wide as Cosmos flings
The starry gems which light the skies,
When nightingales pour out their song;
As soft as joy in lover's eyes,
In climes, where nights of love are long.

A FLOWER

IN all this world you are to me
A flower, serene, alone;
A sight kind heaven lets me see
When I am deep in misery,
And hope of joy near flown.

You, like a bloom when woods are grey,
Arresting soul and mind,
With beauty bidding me to stay,
And worship you with prayer and lay,
And ease for sorrow find.

Oh, flower of perfect loveliness,
Oh, bloom of spring's fair day,
What gentle joys do you impress
Upon my soul, with happiness
Which sweeps the clouds away!

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

WHAT would you do?

If you loved me,

As I love you.

If you in absence sad,

Longed for a moment's joy —

My voice to make you glad —

Would you the time employ

In going to your lad?

And whisper: "Mine alone,

Yes, I am thine, my own;

In all this busy world — we two —

You live for me, and I for you."

What would you do?

If you loved me,

As I love you.

If you were far away,

And hungered for a word,

Just one — to brighten day;

Some message for a bird

To carry, would you say?

"My lover, mine alone,

Yes, I am thine, my own;

In all this busy world — just two —

You live for me, and I for you."

HER SOUL'S SWEET HEART

It is the heart within the soul of her
That shines, and sets her lily face aglow.
Turning to rosy blush the velvet snow,
To make the pearly morn look far less fair!
It is her soul's sweet heart that makes her eyes
The envied of the stars, when glances bright
Mount up and gleam from her kind orbs at night,
And spread celestial fire across the skies!

No heart of flesh and blood could glorify
A form divine, and make so sweet a face
As that which smiles in pity from above —
Her spirit 'tis, which beats mysteriously,
And gives her every action heaven's grace,
And wins my human heart to God-like love!

I LOVE YOU SO!

I LOVE you so!

What sacrifice is meet
That I should make, my sweet,
That I might show
My love in some rich way,
To brighten all your day?
To keep from strife
Our years of love, dear wife?

I love you so!

My life is naught to me —
Of use to none but thee —
Oh, that you know!
Yet would its end once bring
You joy, how could I cling
To it, and bear
The thought it brought you care?

I love you so!

There is no death I fear
To save you pain, my dear.
For death I owe
To love, for your sweet grace!
Loved vision of your face
Rest in my eyes,
When death takes my last sighs.

I love you so!
My own, my precious mate,
I fear not any fate —
 No pain, no woe —
So long as I may die
Beneath the smiling sky.
 Your eyes for me
Make heaven's canopy!

LOVE'S LAST QUEST

SHE came to me, a messenger of spring,
Borne on the wings of ecstasy, and joy
Flowed o'er me like a sunburst's splendid ray.
My silent soul was moved again to sing,
My saddened mind was purged of its alloy —
She led me up from cheerless night to day.

She came, a vision of delights I dreamed
When all the world of wonder moved my heart;
She brought fair prospects to my fading sight,
And proved that life was dearer than it seemed;
She led me back to rosy realms of art —
She, sweet embodiment of art's delight!

She came, and changed the purpose of the years;
With grace she gave long days of peace to me.
Her gift — the jewel of her love she gave,
A glory and a passion without peers;
As full of splendour as the orient sea,
Where pearls of heaven rest beneath the wave.

She came, and shed her gentle loveliness
Upon me, trembling 'neath her spell sublime,
And chose me for her loving mate; to know

Her worth, and find in her love's happiness;
She came, and made a wondrous dream divine,
Her beauty and her rapture all aglow.

Blest vision of the dream youth sought in vain;
Sweet chalice, where commingled rest all aims;
Enchanting mystery of love's last quest,
What can I offer thee that thou would'st deign
Commensurate (all that the world acclaim
Most precious things) with those rich gifts—the best—

The rarest love, thou didst bestow on me?
There's naught in all the stores of earth to find
To give in just return — no star above!
Save what thou'st made—my own deep love for thee—
A heart and soul renewed, a richer mind —
My life's devotion and a deathless love!

CONSECRATION

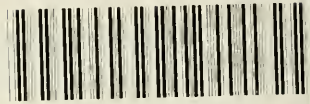
WHAT shall I do for thee, my love?
What glory can I win?
What aim is there too high for me?
What strife to conquer in?
To thee, my love, whate'er befall,
I give my life, my soul, my all.

No joy, no pleasure shall I seek,
In which you have no share;
All pain and sorrow I shall keep
From you, and I shall care
For every hour in which you live,
As 'twere the last that God would give.

Your worshiper receive with joy.
My happy lips now seal,
So all my thought and words may be
For thee. Then I shall kneel,
And vow 'fore heaven my love is true,
And consecrate its life to you.

THE END

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